

Waiting

by Looking Up -oh finally

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Summary: The dragons have moved in, and our old traditions have moved out. To an outsider, all was seemingly perfect, but to the people of the tribe, an air of shame and guilt hung thickly, clinging to everyone as a constant reminder. A reminder of the heroic deed done by one of our ownâ€¦after we abandoned him.

Waiting

****Hey! This is a short one-shot I just wrote. Reviews would be awesome and flames...blah i figure that out later.****

Waiting

The weeks leading up to winter grew more and more depressing as the darkness grew closer. The village of Berk was now at peace after generations of war, fighting, and sorrow. Our old enemies are now living amongst us, in our village, our homes, and our lives. The dragons have moved in, and our old traditions have moved out. To an outsider, all was seemingly perfect, but to the people of the tribe, an air of shame and guilt hung thickly, clinging to everyone as a constant reminder. A reminder of the heroic deed done by one of our ownâ€¦after we abandoned him.

Hiccup. The name that was barley spoken now, but acknowledged every day. Every day was the same routine. "Is he awake?" "Has he moved at all?" "Did the healer say when he'll awaken?" "Will he ever wake up?" Every day the answer was always no, except for the last one. It was different, depending on whom you asked. Some thought that this past month had been long enough already, while others, namely Stoick, Gobber, Toothless, and the other teenagers, were certain that he'd wake up eventually, no matter how long it took.

Hiccup had been the clumsiest, awkward, and most un-viking-like teenager to ever walk the ground of Berk. He was mocked his entire childhood, spit-upon as a teenager, and went through his whole life

with nothing but disappointed scowls and strong glares. Above all, he was considered weak and useless. But could someone so weak and useless save the entire village from destruction? Could someone so cowardly and scared have the courage to face a Night Fury? And then put a saddle on his back on and ride him? Could someone so clumsy and stupid create an invention that actually knocked that fastest dragon out of the sky? And then recreate a tailfin to replace his lost one? How could someone like Hiccup possibly face the mother of all dragons that had the power to control hundreds, even thousands of dragons, and slay it? As it turned out, we didn't even know the slightest thing about the boy we've been living with for over a decade. We didn't know the first thing when it came to Hiccup. Not even his own father had a clue.

Stoick was a leader. He fought fiercely, kept his calm composure in even the most stressful situations, and above all was a great chief. It was when he saw his own son defending the greatest enemy Berk had ever known at that point, he lost it. Stoick was never the ideal parent, and that was obvious among the entire village. But to disown his own son after he had living proof that dragons could be tamed and the war could be stopped? That was shocking. After the final exam, everyone knew there would be consequences for Hiccup, but disowning immediately without a fair accusation was not expected. Everyone expected Stoick to keep calm like all other situations, but he came out of the Great Hall with no son, no family, and nearly in tears.

To the rest of the village, they expected him to be banished as soon as they got back from the "dragon's nest". They did not expect him to come to the rescue with the other teenagers on the back of the training dragons. No one expected him to be able to be a leader and rescue his Night Fury. No one would ever expect him to fight the Green Death and defeat it! But then again, no one really knows Hiccupâ€¦except for Toothless. Because no one ever bothered to get to know him, or even be his friend, until he met Toothless.

Toothless was rarely seen now these days. He spent his entire time curled up next to Hiccup's bed, hardly moving, and hardly living. Once the villagers saw the most fearsome dragon in the skies curled up next to the form of the skinniest and clumsiest Viking ever, reduced to a pile of sad, whimpering, scales, they were amazed. If Hiccup could tame a Night Fury, then maybe they could tame the other dragons tooâ€¦and so it began.

The villagers relied on the teenagers of Berk to teach them how to undo their entire tradition when it came to dragons, though it was a struggle. The teens only knew as much as Hiccup taught them in the brief ten minutes before they took flight. No one knew how to really tame these creatures, or at least no one awake. The village managed to get the dragons under control and fly them around the island, but in a moment of panic when a dragon was angry, and no one could figure out why, that's when they realized they needed Hiccup. Hiccup was the dragon master.

Flying was a bit uncomfortable for most. So the solution was saddles, much like the Toothless's. Gobber was given the job, being the only able person skilled in the arts of blacksmithing. Oh, he tried to make saddles, he really did, but he couldn't work with the leather. After all, leather crafting takes careful hands and patience. Seeing

as Gobber lacked one hand and neither attributes, Hiccup was needed again, but he was still unconscious.

The villagers had nothing left to do but to wait. Wait for Hiccup to wake up so he could show all of us how to really tame a dragon. How to understand a dragon's emotionsâ€¦.and to wait to apologize for the childhood life we put him through.

The week before Snoggletog, after the healer said there was no hope, he woke up. No one could be any happier than Toothless. After all, Toothless was his first and best friend.

****How did you like it? What could I change or do better? Review and tell me! Please?****

End
file.